



[image]

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[image]

The nighte was darke! O readers, Hark!
And see Ulysses' fleet!
From trumpets sound back homeward bound
He hopes his spouse to greet.
Long he hath fought, put Troy to naught
And leveled down it's walls.
But Neptune's wrath obstructs his path
And into snares he falls.
After a storme that did much harme
He comes upon an isle
Where men do roam, forgetting home,
And lotos doth beguile.
From these mean snares his men he tears
And puts them on the ships.
No leave he grants, and lotos plants
Must no more touch their lips.
And now he comes to Cyclops homes
Foul giants all are they.
Each hath 1 eye, and hard they ply
Great Vulcan to obey.
A cyclop's cave the wandrers brave
And find much milk & cheese
But as they eat, foul death they meet
For them doth Cyclops seize.
Each livelong day the Cyclops prey

Is two most noble Greeks
Ulysses brave he plans to save
And quick escape he seeks.
By crafty ruse he can confuse
The stupid giant's mind
Puts out his eye with dreadful cry
And leaves the wrench behind.
Now next he finds the king of winds
Great Aeolus's home
The windy king to him doth bring
Wind bags to help him roam.
He now remains in fair domains
In Circes palace grand.
His men do change in fashion strange
To beasts at her command.
But Mercury did set him free
From witcheries like this
Unhappy he his men to see
Engaged in swinish bliss.
He drew his sword and spake harsh word
To Circe standing there
"My men set free", in wrath quoth he
"Thy damage quick repair"!!!
Then all the herd at her brief word
Become like men once more
Her magic beat, she gives all treat
Within her palace door.
And now Ulysses starts in bliss
The Syrens for to pass
No sound his crew's sharp ears imbues
For they are stop-ped fast.
Now Scylla's necks menace his decks
Charybdis threats his ships
Six men are lost—O! dreadful cost
But he through danger slips.
At last from waves no ship he saves
But on Calypsos isle
He drifts ashore and more & more
He tarries for a while.
At Jove's command he's sent to land

To seek his patient wife,
But his raft breaks, and now he takes
His life from Neptune's strife.
He quickly lands on Scheria's strands
And goes unto the king.
He tells his tale, all hold wassail;
An ancient bard doth sing.
Now does he roam unto his home
Where suitors woo his spouse
In beggar's rags himself he drags
Unknown into his house
His arrows flew at that vile crew
Who sought to win his bride
Now all are killed and he is filled
With great & happy pride.
His swineherd first, then his old nurse
Do recognize him well
Then does he see Penelope
With whom in peace he'll dwell.
Until black death doth stop his breath
And take him from the earth;
He'll ne'er roam far from Ithaca,
The island of his birth—

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